A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

October, 1746.

MR. THOMAS PRINCE, LOQUITUR.

A fleet with flags arrayed
Sailed from the port of Brest,
And the Admiral's ship displayed
The signal: "Steer southwest."
For this Admiral D'Anville
Had sworn by cross and crown
To ravage with fire and steel
Our helpless Boston town.

There were rumors in the street,
In the houses there was fear
Of the coming of the fleet,
And the danger hovering near;
And while from mouth to mouth
Spread the tidings of dismay,
I stood in the Old South,
Saying humbly, "Let us pray!

"O Lord! we would not advise;
But if in thy providence
A tempest should arise
To drive the French fleet hence,
And scatter it far and wide,
Or sink it in the sea,
We should be satisfied,
And thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made,
For my soul was all on flame,
And even as I prayed
The answering tempest came.
It came with a mighty power,
Shaking the windows and walls,
And tolling the bell in the tower,
As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly
Unsheathed its flaming sword,
And I cried: "Stand still, and see
The salvation of the Lord!"
The heavens were black with cloud,
The sea was white with hail,
And ever more fierce and loud
Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,
And the broad sails in the van
Like the tents of Cushan shook,
Or the curtains of Midian.
Down on the reeling decks
Crashed the o'erwhelming seas;
Ah, never were there wrecks
So pitiful as these!

Like a potter's vessel broke
The great ships of the line;
They were carried away as a smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine.
O Lord! before thy path
They vanished and ceased to be,
When thou didst walk in wrath
With thine horses through the sea!

—*Henry W. Longfellow, in the Atlantic Monthly*

LIKE CURES LIKE.

CHAPTER I.

One afternoon in June, 1874, the band in Central Park, New York, had finished playing a waltz by Strauss. The Mall was so thronged with people of every class that a young gentleman who was threading his way, through the crowd said to an elderly companion: "For heaven's sake let us get out of this!"

"It is exactly what I was about to propose," answered the other.

The first who spoke was George Ward, a wealthy American from San Francisco, but for many years a resident in Paris; and he had just returned to his country to take possession of a legacy left him by a relative. The other was Mr. Shannon, an old friend of the Ward family, and a prominent lawyer in the city, who had charge of George's legal affairs.

Stepping down to the lake, they took one of the most solitary paths in the park, and began talking of business matters. On a bench near by, half-hidden by the luxurint foliage of the trees, sat a young girl dressed in white, a color which matched the delicate beauty of her face. An old lady was by her side. The light, gauzy costume of the young lady attracted George Ward's notice, and his looks were answered by the fair wearer with a glance, a smile, and a slight bow.

Our Parisianized American, while confident that the young lady must have mistaken him for some one else, was drawn by the memory of her sweet pale face to visit the spot the very next day. Nor were his expectations disappointed. There she was, at the same place, and, noticing at once his arrival, she smiled and bowed again to him.

He was somewhat reserved, but he could not forbear taking off his hat and bowing in return.

"Oh, I was quite sure you would be here again!" joyfully exclaimed the fair unknown, going to shake hands with him.

For a moment George was dumb with astonishment, but he shortly managed to say: "I had seen you, miss; how could I help coming?"

"True, but why do you come so late? Certainly you needed no invitation."

George looked at her with increased surprise. "Have I ever met her before, or does she take me for some friend whom I resemble?" he asked himself. He was about to request an explanation, when certain mysterious signs from the old lady checked him. Hardly knowing what to do or say, he made no attempt to dispel the girl's illusion.

"My dear child," said the lady, soon afterward, "it is past 5; we must go home."

The girl quietly assented to this proposal, and then, turning to George, said earnestly, "You must come and see us, must he not, aunt?"

"Certainly," answered the elder lady, evasively.

"We have a new house close by here," resumed the girl, "with a lovely garden. When the moon shines upon it it is so beautiful! Come to-morrow, and I will show you our beautiful garden. And I will make chocolate for you. Are you still fond of chocolate?"

"Yes," answered George absently.

"By the way," she added suddenly; "why have you changed your name? I heard some one call you George yesterday! George is a nice name, but Ralph was so much sweeter."

The young man turned and gazed at the old lady with a questioning look. She sighed heavily, and looked at the sky.

The answer was eloquent enough, and George shuddered. But after a pause he said: "Allow me to give you my card, madame." And he took a card from his pocket-book and handed it to her.

"Many thanks. Helen, come."

"Do not forget to-morrow!" said Helen to George, as she held out one of her little hands to him.

A moment later she had gone, and George went to a seat and fell into a reverie.

CHAPTER II

During the remainder of the evening George was unable to drive from his mind the image of the poor girl whom he had met so strangely. He felt an intense yearning to see once more that sweet, pale face, though he had determined to avoid going again to the park.

Early in the morning a servant informed him that a lady wished to see him as soon as possible.

In ten minutes he was down in the parlor of the hotel.

"After what happened yesterday, I hope that Mr. Ward will find my call quite excusable," said the lady, who was no other than Helen's chaperone.

"You are entirely welcome, madame."

"I owe you an explanation, and perhaps I will have a favor to ask of you."

"I shall be happy if I can be of any service to you."

"Thanks! My name is Mrs. Gwynne, and Helen is my niece. Helen had a cousin, Ralph Gordon, with whom she was brought up. They loved each other from childhood. Helen's father was very wealthy, and perhaps did not like very much their marriage on account of Ralph's poverty, but he dared not oppose his daughter's wish, and they were betrothed, on condition that Ralph should go abroad under the plea of completing his education, and that the wedding should not take place before four years had elapsed. Mr. Van Brunt died soon after, but on his death-bed made his wife promise that she would abide by his decision respecting Helen's marriage. Her daughter's entreaties to recall Ralph and hasten the ceremony had no power to change Mrs. Van Brunt's determination, and the two lovers had but the meager relief of writing to each other. Three years had elapsed, when one morning we heard that Ralph had died of yellow fever at Rio Janeiro. The news was brought to Helen so suddenly that she swooned and gave no sign of life during the rest of the day. We anticipated a terrible burst of grief on her returning to consciousness, but when she opened her eyes she smiled—something more dreadful had happened! the blow had impaired her reason! She spoke of Ralph but very seldom, and then only alluded to long journeys he had started on. She seemed to have lost part of her memory; but outside of what referred to her cousin she was apparently the same as ever. But she smiled no longer, and was subject to fits of melancholy and convulsions, against which nothing prevailed. A hundred physicians were consulted, a hundred different kinds of treatment tried, but all were powerless. Mrs. Van Brunt's grief was uncontrollable. She blamed herself for her daughter's misfortune, and soon died of a broken heart. On her death-bed she made me promise to take care of poor Helen, and I have kept my promise.

"Her mother's death produced no impression on Helen. 'Oh, yes! she is traveling like Ralph,' she used to say when her name was mentioned. Every morning at 8 o'clock—the very hour at which she had learned of her lover's fate—she was seized with a sort of convulsion, and it is the doctor's opinion that she will eventually die in one of these attacks. You may imagine my anxiety! Were she my own daughter I could not love her more than I do. Oh! Mr. Ward, be good to us," concluded Mrs. Gwynne, bursting into tears; "save my child!"

"I am willing to do anything in my power, my dear madame; God knows how willing I am, but what can I do?"

"Oh! you can do much. Since Helen has seen you she has had no convulsions; she is as lively and merry as she was at the time of her happiness. The doctor says that if you will lend us your assistance she may yet recover."

"I will; but how? what have I to do?"

"You must act in everything as though you were Ralph Gordon, and under no circumstances undeceive her—at least until she has improved a great deal—and comply with all her wishes."

"I will do anything you like, Mrs. Gwynne, and may our exertions be crowned with success! Now—excuse my inquisitiveness—but do I strongly resemble that cousin of hers?"

"Very—only you look three or four year older."

Mrs. Gwynne, at George's request, then related her nephew's story in its fullest particulars, and shortly afterward she left, wishing George, between smiles and tears, all the blessings of heaven.

CHAPTER III.

Faithful to his engagement, George went to the Park, and from there, with Helen and her aunt, to their house. She appeared to him more charming than ever. She made chocolate for him, and played and sang in a manner that bewitched him, and he could not forbear expressing his delight and admiration in the most flattering terms.

"Do you love me so?" exclaimed Helen, joyfully. "Well, then, I shall be always thus to you. How many times," added she, sighing, after a short pause, "have I thought and dreamed of you, Ralph, during your absence!" Then, suddenly passing from sadness to merriment, she rejoined: "Why, *Signorino*, you have not yet spoken to me of your journey to Brazil; why don't you tell me something about it?"

"I saw very little of that country, Helen," answered the fictitious Ralph, evasively.

"Ah! I understand," rejoined the lovely girl, lending a meaning of her own to George's hesitation; "you stopped there but a very short time, and then started, nobody ever knew for what country."

A long silence followed. Helen, wholly absorbed in her thoughts, seemed unconscious of everything; then, suddenly rising, she joyfully exclaimed, "There, there she is! Did I not promise it to you?"

"What!"

"The moon! quick, let us go into the garden." And, suiting the action to the word, she led him thither, made him take a seat on a bench under an arbor, sat herself at his feet with childlike innocence, leaning her head on his knees.

"No poet," George Ward even now affirms, "ever spoke of love better than Helen Van Brunt did that night."

Whether pity or love guided him to her house, George could not say; the fact is, he felt more deeply interested in Helen every day. He spent all his evenings with her, and each meeting was a new delight to him. He no longer pressed his lawyer to hasten the settlement of his affairs, and seemed to be very happy. Sometimes, however, after leaving her, and, while musing on the events of the evening, he felt the oddness of his situation, and a cloud of sadness fell upon his brow. "What will be the end of this adventure?" he asked himself repeatedly. "Of all this love not a single particle is mine!" Still, though his anxiety increased every day, he continued to visit her, and would not have renounced this pleasure for anything in the world.

One evening Helen was sad and uncommunicative; frequently she sighed heavily.

"What is the matter with you to-night, Helen dear?" inquired George.

"I don't know. There is here," and she touched her forehead, "something that puzzles me. I seem to have a remembrance of something, and yet I cannot recall it fully. I look at you, for instance; I recognize you, and yet it seems to me as if there were two Ralphs—you, and one that I can see no more!"

As the physician had informed Mrs. Gwynne that it would be an excellent symptom if Helen should begin to distinguish the images of the past from those of the present, the old lady could not control her feelings, and uttered an exclamation of joy. She made a sign to George, who answered with a motion of his head.

Helen interpreted her aunt's exclamation as one of astonishment, and said, "Is it not strange, aunt?" Then, growing gradually tender, she added, turning to George: "Yes, you have his features; still, the expression is not the same! When I close my eyes the sound of your voice does not go to my heart—his would have made me bound in my sleep! Oh! how musical his voice was!"

George grew pale; he could not deceive himself any longer. She only loved him because he resembled another, and her words struck him to the heart. "Oh! Helen, why do you talk so cruelly? Is it thus you reward my love?"

"Forgive me for worrying you, dear; but do not doubt me. I love you—love you with all my soul!" replied the poor girl, passionately, throwing her arms around his neck.

A thrill of joy entered the young man's veins; he clasped her to his breast, and kissed her again and again.

"Well," with joy Helen rejoined, "you have solved my doubt. You are Ralph, my Ralph; those are his kisses!"

Reference to Ralph at such a moment was more than George could bear. "Always that man?" he cried, angrily, and, stung by jealousy, he loosed himself from her clasp and quickly left the house.

That night he resolved to hasten his return to Paris.

CHAPTER IV.

A note from his lawyer came next day to strengthen George's resolution. His affairs were settled, and he could now call for his money. Having dispatched his business, in the afternoon he stopped at Helen's house, and sought an interview with Mrs. Gwynne. To her he gravely communicated his intentions. The poor old soul did all she could to move him from his determination.

"Listen, Mrs. Gwynne," said George; "it has been impossible for me to make love to Helen and not to fall madly in love with her at the same time. To love her as I do, and to see that, of all the affection she manifests toward me, nothing is properly my own—Oh! I cannot endure such martyrdom any longer. Mrs. Gwynne, I cannot, without running the risk of losing my own reason. To hope that her feeling may change, and that she may sometime love me for what I am, and not because I resemble her Ralph, is foolishness. It is best for us to part. Though to give her up is almost death to me, I *must* go!"

In the meantime, Helen, with the watchfulness peculiar to persons in her state, had noticed the coming of George, and had overheard his conversation with her aunt. As the young man uttered his last words she opened the door, and stepped slowly into the parlor. She was pale as a corpse. A long pause, full of anxiety to all, followed. Helen first broke the silence with these words: "You say you are going to leave us? You, too? And you are not Ralph? Who are you, then?"

George dared not answer.

"Who are you?" the poor girl repeated wistfully.

"I am George Ward," said the young man, resolutely, in hope of a favorable crisis.

"George Ward!" she repeated mechanically, and paused. "Oh! what a terrible awakening! and it was so sweet to dream! He is not my Ralph!" and, throwing herself on the sofa, she buried her face in her hands.

George and Mrs. Gwynne were speechless.

"Farewell, George!" Helen cried, at last, rising and stretching out her hand to him.

"Farewell!" he answered, in a choked voice, seizing her hand and pressing it to his lips.

"Oh! it is cruel!" said Helen, bursting into tears, and throwing herself into her aunt's arms.

"Ah! what have you done, George!" uttered the old lady, despondently.

"Helen, Helen," he answered, frantically, "say one word; say you love me, and I shall remain with you forever."

"And Ralph? What would Ralph think of me?" replied the broken-hearted girl.

"Ralph is dead, Helen, and George, I think, loves you more than Ralph ever did," he murmured.

"Farewell!" Helen replied, sadly.

There was so much solemnity in the tone in which that word was pronounced that George saw that all appeal to her feelings would be useless, and went away without another word.

"Has he gone?" faintly asked Helen, after some moments, still leaning her head on her aunt's shoulder.

"Yes; but keep up your spirits, my child; do not break my heart, dear."

"I shall not—look, it is over. Since he is not Ralph I shall not cry for his departure," said Helen, and her face grew calm.

CHAPTER V.

Some months had elapsed since George had parted from Helen. His love had lost something of its violence, but nothing of its strength and depth. Though continually seeking for pleasure, all the amusements of Paris afforded him but little. What annoyed him most was the obstinate silence of the girl and her aunt, notwithstanding all the letters he had written to them.

One morning, on entering his room, he found on his table a letter with the New York post-mark. He eagerly opened it. "I am very sick," it read, "and I believe I am going to die. Ralph or George, whatever be your name, if you bear still in remembrance the girl you loved so dearly, come—come at once, as it would grieve me not to say good-by before I die.—HELEN."

No sooner had George recovered from the shock of this news than he resolved to start immediately for New York; but, unfortunately, no steamer was to sail either from Havre or Liverpool for two days.

She was dying; he loved her to distraction; thousands of miles were between them; he might, perhaps, arrive too late—only the imagination can measure and the heart feel his agony during those two days, and the subsequent time of the voyage—words cannot express it. He arrived at last. He had his hand on the hasp of the gate of that garden in which he had passed the happiest hours of his life; but would he find her alive? His heart seemed ready to burst, and his hand felt as though paralyzed. But for James, the waiter, who, having seen him, came to meet him, perhaps he might not have entered the garden for hours.

"Oh, Mr. Ward," said James, and his tone betrayed the sorrow that had come over the house.

"Helen?" murmured George, faintly.

"Alas! very low, Mr. Ward."

However little encouraging in itself, the thought that she was still alive gave him new life. But his joy was doomed to short duration; the most heart-rending sight awaited him in Helen's room. There she lay, her arms on her breast, her features bearing all the marks of death, and her breath scarcely perceptible.

Mrs. Gwynne was kneeling on one side of the bed, sobbing, and hiding her face in the bed-clothes; Dr. Sharp was standing on the other, motionless, with his head bent down as if yielding to the inevitable. George's cry made Mrs. Gwynne raise her head. "Ah! George," she exclaimed, on recognizing him, "you are our last hope."

The young man fell on his knees; for a long time he could not speak; he could only watch the dying girl, and hide in his heart the agony which almost overpowered him.

Toward morning Helen opened her eyes and turned them faintly around, as if seeking some one. "Oh, George!" she cried, upon seeing the young man. "She is saved!" said Dr. Sharp. And he was not mistaken. At the end of two months, during which George never left her, she had so improved as to be able to go down into the garden without other support than her lover's arm.

One afternoon, while they were seated under the arbor, as in former times, Helen sweetly said: "Do you remember when I used to call you Ralph? I thought, then, I could love but his image. Your absence has proved to me how mistaken I was."

"Why, then, Helen, did you not answer my letters, or at least allow your aunt to write?"

"Why, George, I had pledged my faith to my cousin that I would love no one else. Was it not my duty to struggle against this new feeling of mine to the last? But now you know I love you for yourself—you know I would have died had you not come to me again."

Some days later George called on Mr. Shannon.

"Oh, is it you, George? Very glad to see you. What brings you back again? Another legacy?"

"Something better, Mr. Shannon; a wedding."—*New York American.*

A Deer Hunt.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* thus describes the doings of the deer-hunters of that city: Two members of the Sportsman's Club were out on a deer hunt the other day. Coming to a thicket that looked like an excellent covert for game of all kinds, particularly deer, they separated and commenced beating the bush. In a short time one of the hunters heard a crackling of sticks, and saw a dun-colored object, with what he took for the antlers of an enormous buck, running through the thicket. He blazed away, and called to this companion, who also fired, and down dropped the game as dead as a door nail. One of them started immediately for a Granger's house near by to procure a wagon to haul the deer, while the other sat under a tree to wait. In the course of an hour the Nimrod returned, accompanied by the farmer, who drove the wagon. On looking at the dead animal, the farmer at once recognized his old dun mule that had served him faithfully for fifteen years. The sportsmen paid the farmer $35 apiece, and without hunting for any more deer returned to the city. So much for mistaking the ears of a mule for the the horns of a deer.

A Chinese Dinner.

Quail, birds' nests, sharks' fins, fungi, lusks, mushrooms, bamboo sprouts, Chinese brandy served in thimbles, tea, and Roederer. This was the menu at a banquet given in San Francisco a fortnight ago by a Chinese merchant. Maj. Gen. Ingalls, Pay Director Cunningham, Col. F. A. Bee, and a large company of Caucasians were among the guests. The dinner was eaten with chopsticks to slow Chinese music, and then the table was cleared, and as a compliment to the guests an American dinner was served. "Gentlemen," said one of the Chinese hosts, when conversation began to droop and wilt, "you know what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina: 'It's a long time between drinks.'" Here was a most respectable Caucasian joke, which has filled the pauses of many an American dinner, picked up by John Chinaman and peddled out on the first occasion. Verily the Mongolian is making rapid strides in civilization.

SHE was fond of conundrums, and when she learned that mulier was Latin for woman, she thought she had a good one. So she asked her husband what was the difference between herself and a mule. And, as he had been married several years, he was too thoughtful to trouble her by guessing, but kindly remarked that he had never been able to see any.

THE French commission charged with devising means of arresting the ravages of the phylloxera in the vineyards has decided that the only remedy will be the tearing up, under Government supervision, of all vines afflicted with the pest. The canton of Geneva, in Switzerland, has adopted a similar course, and has arrested the ravages of the insect.

Prof. Tyndall's Warning.

In concluding an address to the students of University College (London) Prof. Tyndall, who is unquestionably one of the most indefatigable brain-workers of our century, said, "take care of your health. Imagine Hercules as oarsman in a rotten boat; what can he do there but by the very force of his stroke expedite the ruin of his craft. Take care of the timbers of your boat." The distinguished scientist's advice is equally valuable to all *workers*. We are apt to devote all our energies to wielding the oars, our strokes fall firm and fast, but few of us examine or even think of the condition of our boats until the broken or rotten timbers suddenly give way and we find ourselves the victims of a calamity which could have been easily avoided by a little forethought. What began with a slight fracture, or perhaps even a careless exposure to disorganizing influences, ends in the complete wreck of the life-boat. The disease which began with a slight headache or undue exposure to cold terminates in death, unless its progress be checked, and the disease remedied. The first symptoms, the heralds of disease, give no indication of the strength of the on-coming foe, and the victim trusts that his old ally, Nature, will exterminate the invader. But disease is an old general and accomplishes his most important movements in the night-time, and some bright morning finds him in possession of one of the strongest fortifications; and when he has once gained a stronghold in the system Nature ignominiously turns traitor and secretly delivers up the whole physical armory to the invader. Like the wily politician, Nature is always on the strongest side, and the only way to insure her support is to keep your vital powers in the ascendant. Keep your strongest forts—the stomach and liver—well guarded. Do not let the foe enter the arterial highways, for he will steal or destroy your richest merchandise and impoverish your kingdom. To repulse the attacks of the foe you can find no better ammunition than Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. (Full directions accompany each package.) His Pleasant Purgative Pellets are especially effective in defending the stomach and liver. His Golden Medical Discovery for purifying the blood and arresting coughs and colds. If you wish to become familiar with the most approved system of defense in this warfare, and the history of the foe's method of invasion, together with complete instructions for keeping your forces in martial order in time of peace, you can find no better manual of these tactics than "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," by R. V. Pierce, M. D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y. Sent to any address on receipt of $1.50. It contains over nine hundred pages, illustrated by two hundred and eighty-two engravings and colored plates, and elegantly bound in cloth and gilt.

A Guinea is Scarce Yellower

Than the complexion of a person becomes who omits to regulate his liver when that important gland grows neglectful of its secretive function. Moreover, the stomach under such circumstances becomes disordered, the bowels are constricted, pains in the side and between the shoulder blades, are felt, the head aches, and the nervous system shares in the general derangement. This concatenation of evils is, however, easily remediable with that matchless regulating tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which insures the secretion and flow of healthy bile, acts gently but effectually upon the bowels, and removes every symptom of nervous or digestive trouble. The result is that renewed tone is given to the entire system; the sallow, haggard appearance of the face to which biliousness gives rise is superseded by the glow of health, and the frame gains in substance as well as vigor.

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By mutual agreement, on behalf of the State Departments of New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Michigan, the Hon. Samuel H. Rowe, of the latter State, commenced on January 8th a rigid examination of the books, assets and liabilities of this Company. Commissioner Rowe was assisted by Prof. Watson, the well-known Actuary, and V. H. Lott, Esq.

The detailed examination continued without interruption until the 10th of February. The results are highly gratifying to the friends of the Company and the public generally. On the 14th instant the Company received from Commissioner Rowe a renewal of its authority to do business in Michigan, together with his written assurance that he found the Company able to comply fully with the stringent laws of his State. The entire reserve is invested in United States bonds and first mortgages. On the 31st of December, 1876, it had a grand surplus above all liabilities of $1,418,823.38. Its receipts in 1876 exceeded its disbursements by over $300,000, although it paid in death claims nearly a quarter of a million dollars. More perfect security could not be offered to insurers. It is almost unnecessary to say that this Company has nothing to do with the National Capital Life Insurance Company of the District of Columbia. Unlike the latter concern, the National Life Insurance Company of the United States of America is not reinsuring other companies, and is not responsible in any way for the liabilities or policies of the Republic Life Insurance Company or any other corporation.

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